



Origins of Morality

S. LaRue – 3/2015

Foreword

This discourse is dedicated to the good people I've encountered – family, friends, strangers – all of whom have, in one way or another, shown myself or each other a kindness, seemingly originating from a place within them not driven by anything other than their innate sense of what's right and what's wrong; knowledge every Earthling possesses when they're expelled from the womb, drenched in the blood of laborious birth into a very brief period of existence for no other reason than to carry on their exploration regarding love, beauty and truth; to, at all costs, improve our lot as sentient.

To selflessly, knowingly enter into an act of kindness with no reward offered and no threat indicated should they have chosen otherwise, yet did it anyway because, simply, it was the right thing to do. I have aspired to learn from them, felt encouraged to hear my own inner voice occasionally follow suit.

Thank you.

I've come a long way since the fall of 2012, have much further to go than I have come and those that have been of some support know who they are. Recalling how I behaved at that time is often painful.

That my memories are set in stone due to choices I and I alone made, gives me much consternation. Might sound a tad absurd, but I will remain eternally grateful for the horrors I visited upon myself, overjoyed that I was allowed to stand by and watch my house burn to the ground, wasn't incarcerated until the last ember was extinguished by time.

By the same reckoning, I doubt I will find the strength to forgive myself for the pain I visited on others. That is for them to decide. Please – I'm not offering myself a “Get Out Of Jail FREE” card based solely on my finding a modicum of focus. People do what they do regardless of any action taken on my part. I've offered apologies to those that stuck around to hear them – what they did with that data is none of my business. I know what I've done with my overflowing file cabinet of tiny atrocity receipts, which of course, is none of your business.

If things are just right, if you get lucky, you'll be given the strength to, as they say, “get over yourself.” I highly recommend when the voice whispers the invitation, you not hesitate. The implications are such that rebuilding

the house you just torched will be an ongoing project and you will die prior to its completion. But the thing is they weren't lying when they said, "It's the trip that counts, not the destination."

The fact that I am who I am has not escaped me. So before I stagger off to the plant and clock in, before the business of tightening the vice where my shriveled and tiny heart has been held captive, before the clip-board-brigade begin their scribbling for the purpose of interpreting it's cries of anguish (torture has it's place and when properly employed... works... every... single... time...), I'd like to give you proof that it is I doing the writing, by offering the following to those that fled when I needed them most:

Fuck off you heartless leeches. And for fuck's sake, do it somewhere very far away from me. I'm all done trying to guess which lie yer gonna try and shove down my throat next time your lips move.

Yes, I'm still in here.

The inspiration behind this gathering of Times New Roman is Golda LaRue. My father's mother, a child of the great depression, one of approximately 12 children born in Arkansas to poorly educated parents, later finding themselves in the cruel Panhandle of Texas. Shortly thereafter her father was seen twisting in the wind which never stops blowing across the featureless Northernmost plains of the Big Hat State.

That her gentle spirit was crippled by Alzheimer's spanning her last 10 years I find difficult to fathom. I'd have taken her place if it were possible – such an end being thrust upon such a gentle soul is so much more evidence to be tucked into my 'Discovery' folder(s).

She was the first, with her actions, to show me the import of service to our fellows. The only person crossing my path to enthusiastically hand me the gilded box containing materials needed to manifest something very close to love, an elegant kindness and a peach cobbler that would make you weep. I've been without her for 49 years and am much worse for being so.

Let's chat, shall we?

A Constant

It's been said, *"To have two versions of a standard is to have no standard at all."* This was proven to me time and again while in an environment where dealing with sensitive measurements was tantamount to the successful completion of certain tasks, or the failure of same which brought on costly and reputation-killing mistakes.

The *"one standard"* rule is just that; a rule. There's no getting around it – it is to be adhered to by all – at all times. If two technicians adjust two atomic clocks in different locations, on the same day at the same time using the same tools, each following strict mandates for doing so, we'd better hope neither of them had to pee during the process and thus skips parts 7 through 9 – we may never know what time it REALLY is ever again!

Karl Rove may hire a loudspeaker truck, strap a Civil Defense pith helmet to his head and drive the highways and byways of our great country shouting what he sees on the face of his Bullova for eternity, and even though in his book it most certainly is 12:42pm if he can manage to say it enough times before he sees 12:43 in the seven segment display, IT SIMPLY MUST BE TRUE!

Childhood in the Rove home; the mind boggles. There would be no playing field for discourse. Factual,

irrefutable evidence, say perhaps something like *the Earth orbits the Sun and not the other way around*, were not known to be true – even those mentally capable of basic math could be seen stomping their feet when such nonsense dared to become a topic. Either side of that conversation might be operating under a “*guise of standards*” long known to be undeniably false, with the possibility of both party's operating out of bounds.

It's like driving through a small town at 3am – we've all agreed to halt at the intersection where there's a FOUR WAY STOP indicated by highly reflective, clearly posted, octagonal signs. If we hadn't all agreed to participate in reality, there's gonna be an accident one day, and I'd bet it has plans to be a nasty one.

“*Existence is not only queerer than we imagine, it is queerer than we CAN imagine,*” is, I assume, a statement any reasonable person can grasp and realize is fact. Therefore any statement wherein our morality as human beings – advanced mammalian primates, half a chromosome above the noble chimpanzee – which are *faith based* are *automatically withdrawn* from the discussion. You are not allowed to say you know something which you do not, in fact, know.

Easily incorporated into the paradigm of the garden variety sapiens, this edict is flatly rejected by the staunch faithful. Yet the unfortunate majority of Earthlings have willingly chosen to dedicate their energies to following those referring to themselves as Believers.

Those which cling to living their lives based in Bronze Age tradition will ever insist the only reason they don't (deep breath) *kill me, stone my wife to death on her father's doorstep for not being a virgin on the day of our wedding, condemn me and my wife to death if we have intercourse in way observers interpret to be anything other than yucky, rape my children and enslave them, claim ownership of my property and do likewise to all that fail to recognize, respect and live a life based in fantasy as they have*, (express rules set forth in a revered book written by those with the lowest educational backgrounds on the planet at the time of its writing, and revised by same for 2000 years), is solely due to their schizophrenic tendencies to **love an invisible person while fearing same**.

Though their actions, particularly when considering the whole of human history upon the arrival of the written word (psst! China had written language when the b-i-b-l-e was assigned to those without such luxuries, AND they were pretty close by – kinda rude not to let them play along doncha think?), wherein their atrocities could be recorded, invariably claim the high ground when moral behavior comes into question. They're unshakeable in the belief, “*Those that have seen the horrors of dogma yet failed to close their mind to inquiry* (as in “What’s wrong with this picture?”) *are not capable of being moral.*”

In an effort to gain the strength to walk away from someone brandishing that rather dull tool, I take a little thought vacation (it has many mutations which, at their core are identical); each time this is said to me, the cartoon runs in my head of me pulling a bazooka from under my trench coat, firing it, point blank, chest, dead center, dropping the weapon on their smoldering corpse, wiping my hands on their clothing, making my way toward my van which bears the hand-painted signage “**FREE CANDY**” and driving to the nearest elementary school to troll for toddlers to torture to death then eat as my evening meal, as all anti-theists are want to do.

I've been privy to the thoughts of the faithful, been told without reserve what their wishes are toward me when I differ on the subject of where to find the really GOOD unicorns. With absolute certainty, the cartoon-bazooka alternative is much preferred, not to mention vastly higher on a morality scale when

compared to an eternity of treading lava. You see, the bazooka is a cartoon, it's imaginary, just like your lake of over-cooked Brussels sprouts. I know I don't have, nor do I want a bazooka, toy or otherwise and I'm sorry pal, but if you really gotchew a lake of **Ouch** all set to toss me in, I'd like to take a gander at it if you could see your way fit to gimme the ten cent tour of your facilities. I'm free now. Wanna go?

What these poor hucksters are saying is, "Morality is unavailable unless you are gullible, lazy, careless, a self-absorbed member of an '*ultimate death to all*' cult," many of which are readily available. Please, step lightly brothers and sisters; for the purposes of whomever you've chosen to have a morality discussion with, I'd advise you ascertain their affiliation or lack thereof. It would be wise to brace yourself for the style of attack about to befall you as a non-believer. Might be a rock, a sword, or they may detonate the bomb strapped to their waste should you chance to utter a fact they abhor.

Should they indicate they have no intention of claiming to know the unknown, much less the unknowABLE, I anticipate a healthy discourse in which both parties will come away with more information than they had before the exchange were civilly transacted.

The bottom line here is twisted, lopsided, annoying in about a million different ways and begs the question, "If discussing morality with those completely confused about the very meaning of the word are excluded, why am I reading this? And why, pray tell Dear S., have you written it?"

Refinement

Imagine a situation wherein it was well within your power to pull a child from the path of a speeding automobile and your choosing not to do so, deciding it wasn't worth the effort to listen to the adrenaline that was just dumped into your system and pull the child to safety?

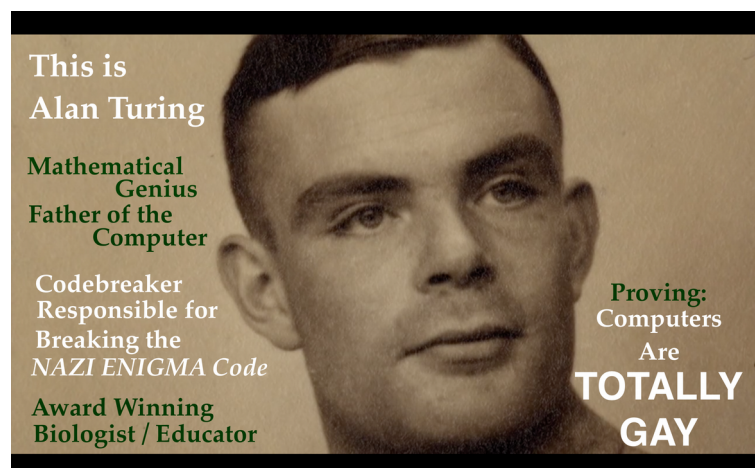
Why were you suddenly and completely panicked? What caused the adrenaline dump? How is it that you had NO CHOICE but to scoop said child up and deny the '49 Buick it's afternoon snack?

Time was of the essence yet you acted in a millisecond, giving no thought whatsoever as to any sort of agenda and more so, why do you have an overwhelming rush of relief after an event wherein you were on autopilot for the briefest of moments resulting in an arm-load of living, squirming, confused mini-human?

Ones and zeros.

At the end of the day folks, that's all we got. This was realized and put forth as the basics of computer technology in the early 1900s. There's supporting evidence I'd like to mention here, not that it matters

but it matters. this realization came to a Gay man in England, who by the way, found himself in the public eye due to his groundbreaking work. He was promptly tormented, publicly humiliated so soundly by the Monotheists of the time, he took his own life rather than endure another day of their



judgements (not to mention his arrest and torturous medical treatments by the Theocratic English Government) of which I can only imagine the vitriol.

Thanks for the New MacBook Pro Dead Gay Guy! There's no mention of him announcing his intention to wed a barnyard animal, which says a lot about his strength of character. As we all know, gay marriage, according to *the flock*, will one day lead to men and Shetland ponies sharing toothbrushes. (You ever notice how lesbians are left out of that discussion? They'll will kick your ass, you lip-off one-too-many times. Fuck Yeah!)

As it turns out, *Dead-Gay-Smart-Guy* tossed out his idea for all to examine and it has turned out to be applicable to much more than computing.

Our DNA is what is referred to as 'hardwired' in computing / electronics circles. It is software *on one hand*, as in it makes decisions,² takes datum into thoughtless consideration and proffers an outcome (male or female, prone to intellect or not, stocky or thin, etc). I do so at my peril, which I'm certain won't surprise anyone, by stating DNA follows an identical set of black and white imperatives as those used in the art of speaking to computers using only two words – *yes and no* – in a way that causes them to do our bidding. They won't mow the lawn, but they can find ways to ease the chore for their human masters if properly tickled.

There are schools of thought being taken quite seriously as I write, which are convinced we are indeed made of code, our bodies, our minds, our actions all a part of a computer simulation, set in motion by advanced beings “*in the future.*” Goofy as that may sound, I'm much more liable to believe I'm an electronic toy on someone's desktop, than to buy the story that I've been:

1. Born Sick (a *sinner*)
2. Ordered to make myself well (*who made me sick anyway?*)
3. If I fail to become WELL, I will be tortured in horrible ways (FIRE! Brussels's Sprouts!) forever.
Addendum to #3: If I die during birth or very shortly thereafter and my parents aren't properly brainwashed, aren't completely consumed by their own fear of death and, my baptism slips their mind before finding my lifeless body in my crib? I will go to a dark, lonely place forever and ever and ever, but there's no torture. *Whew! Close one!*

To say our DNA *makes a decision* is pushing the envelope by indicating it had a choice to begin with and a brain to access in helping it choose correctly.³

I offer you the possibility there **is** a decision and there **is** a sort of a brain to access, but this set of circumstances falls under the “*...it is queerer than we CAN imagine*” umbrella and, for my purposes here I'm **not** going to credit Zeus, or the flying teapot or Chutlu, or even the cruel son of the christian S&M murder-god.

I'm handing it over to natural causality. I'm taking this opportunity to say, without hesitation, to say it very loudly, shamelessly with all certainty, **I DO NOT KNOW** how DNA works even though the actions I have defined here are part of what has been ascertained by the scientific community as *More Probable Than Magic*, with the most delightful aspect being ***the Scientists involved make no claim of knowing the sum of how DNA works.***

You may put the child down now – the danger has passed. The binary alarm that gave you the adrenalin overdose allowing you to save a life without thinking about it, with no promise of reward, no threat of reprisal, has been successfully executed. Your ones and zeros did it all. Your DNA is responsible for

your adrenal glands tendency to flood your system with electricity when the situation calls for it and, unless your last name is Rothschild, *no time to reflect prior to acting. **Bravo!***

Morals: *Came with the suit.*

Child: *Safe.*

Fantasy Based Fear: *Permanent Vacation.*

It was a natural reaction to a situation which required your intervention. The human race is better for it, there's an innocent child still living because of it and I happen to have an endless supply of cartoon-bazookas – nobody loses!

END

Footnotes

1. A quote by a vintage philosophy enthusiast, one making considerable headway long before Disco was a blip on anyone's radar. He may have owned a powdered wig, I am uncertain.
2. Software is written by persons well versed in the complications associated with speaking commands to a set of circuits within a limited vocabulary. Once upon a time it was literally ones and zeros, but has flourished to include the left and right arrow symbols, brackets and parenthesis and the always snazzy back slash!
3. Heard recently a section of our DNA strand has remained basically unaltered for a long-ass time. There is a theory about, suggesting it may very well be a sort of DNA brain, a tiny little fleshy Hard Drive in a metal box, wherein ancient information is held and drawn upon

in times of great change, adversity, or joy. In essence, is the storage locker where the knowledge is stored about how the pyramids were built without hundreds of thousands of slaves being worked to death then used as lubricant to slide the precisely, surprisingly precisely carved and shaped mobile home sized stones into position.